

The Evening World

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A WORLD TRUST AT LAST.

The important and interesting announcement is made from London that the trust system has obtained a world-wide extension. The three great oil-producing organizations of the world—the Standard in this country and the Nobel and Rothschilds in Europe—have made an agreement. Hereafter the price of oil for every consumer will be fixed by one supreme Trust.

It is only fitting that our Standard Oil Trust should be the head and front of this combination. It was among the first and is the most successful of all the trusts. It is also the most aggressive and arbitrary. It is the ideal trust.

We may naturally expect the Sugar Trust to follow the Standard's lead and a world's Iron and Steel Trust would be next in order. The iron and steel makers of the world in self protection would tumble over each other in getting into it. The others would follow as a matter of course.

This country will have a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the struggles of the different countries of Europe against the new order. What are they going to do about it?

BLOCKING THE TUNNEL.

It was misplaced confidence which allowed the Board of Aldermen to have anything to say about the building of the Pennsylvania's tunnel from New Jersey to Long Island. As a result this vast and valuable improvement, fraught with immense benefit to every interest of New York, has been set back, and obstructive tactics originating in the Board of Aldermen have secured a delay of at least a year.

The delay ought not to be allowed to last longer than that. It ought not to take more than one session of the Assembly to frame a bill which shall protect the interests of the city and satisfy the requirements of the Pennsylvania Railroad under an agreement in which the Board of Aldermen shall not have a word to say.

ANOTHER ISLAND.

Is there further expansion in store for us? It looks like it. Things are coming our way; at least islands are coming our way. We have had to send a gunboat to Cape Haytien, in Hayti, to protect life and property and appearances indicate that we may have to send a land force. Then Hayti will be ruled by neither of the self-proclaimed dictators who are engaged in mutual slaughter and devastation, but by the United States.

It is asserted that there is no hope for Hayti. Year by year it is retrograding from its former low standard of civilization and relapsing into the ancestral barbarism of the Congo and the Guinea coast. Only foreign intervention can save it, and it seems to be generally recognized that the United States is its natural guardian.

But if we take charge of Hayti we may be sure that the whole of the West Indies will be unloaded on us. That will be an interesting situation.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

In the case of Warren P. Palmer, convicted in General Sessions of forgery, sentence was suspended yesterday by Judge Newburger with District-Attorney Jerome's consent and he was discharged from custody. It was alleged in Palmer's behalf that he was a college graduate and that "the temptations of the great city were too much for him." This was his minister's plea and Assistant District-Attorney Garvan, a former classmate, said: "The disgrace of being in the Tombs among hardened criminals has been a strong lesson for him."

Palmer is to be congratulated on his good luck and especially congratulated because he is not an east side boy under sentence for stealing a few lengths of lead pipe. Judges are not so considerate of such malefactors. The poor youth is handicapped greatly in a criminal career. Here is Palmer, enabled by his college education to indulge in one of the most gentlemanly forms of remunerative crime and given a helping hand when in trouble because of that same education. Knowledge is power. An untrained lad, forced by his limitations to confine himself to the ruder and more elementary forms of crime, petty thievery or burglary, finds the Judge losing no time in sending him to the Island, where, also, there are some "hardened criminals." There's no classmate in office to intercede for him.

THE NEW PIERS.

New York is to spend \$12,000,000 on the new North River piers, and the improvement will be of benefit to the commerce of the city.

It will also be a good investment, as it will pay 6 per cent., while the money can be borrowed by the city at 3 per cent.

So far so good. But does the city get full value for its pier leases?

Is 6 per cent. on the cost of an improvement—not including the land—the ordinary return on real estate investment in this city? Is it not customary to consider the value of the land in estimating the equitable return on an improvement investment?

"BILL THE GOOD."

Who fills the widow's bin with coal,
And cheers her withered heart, poor soul?
And thinks thereby to win his soul?

Bill Devery.

Who also fills the poor man's pail,
And wets his thirsty throat with ale,
And gives his wayward boy a bail?

Bill Devery.

Who clothes the orphan, feeds the poor,
Unto the needy opens the door,
And makes the Goodwin crowd feel sore?

Bill Devery.

Who now to give the girls some "babe,"
Hires a whole lot and never "saves,"
Seven barrels, boats and bands and mugs?

Bill Devery.

Who does these noble deeds by stealth,
Doing them solely for his health,
And scorns to hear his hard-earned wealth?

Bill Devery.

Who when he's run his earthly race,
Can look his Maker in the face,
And say, "No Two Spot I am Ace?"

Bill Devery.

The Funny Side of Life.

THE BIG CHIEF TO THE EASY BOSS.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

FREQUENTLY.

The world is like a pie,
At least so says report.
You'll find the Upper Crust
Is often very "Short."

DOGGED LOYALTY.

"Devery has a dog to wear his political banner."
"Got a genuine barker to boom trade, eh?"

FEMINE REPARTEE.

"They say a girl ought to accept the last man who proposes to her rather than the first man."
"Well, dear, in your case I fancy it will amount to the same thing."

PROBABLY.

"What does this 'Guide to Happiness' mean when it says: 'In proposing marriage be guided by circumstances?'"
"It probably refers to the girl's financial circumstances."

A PREVENTIVE.

"There is a banner crop of wheat this year."
"That ought to keep the market from flagging."

BORROWED JOKES.

THEY NEVER DIE.

"That vaudeville artist had some clever jokes. I wish I could remember them."
"Never mind. You'll hear all of them this winter when the theatrical season is on."—Toledo Bee.

COOK OBJECTED.

Blotter—Why was the engagement between Harduppe and Miss Gotrox broken off?
Sholze—Her father's cook objected to one more in the family.—Philadelphia Record.

GREATLY NEEDED.

Fudge—I am just on the eve of a great invention.
Judge—Will it benefit humanity; is it a boon to the world?
Fudge—Well, I should say so; my invention is a fender for automobiles.—Baltimore Herald.

ANYTHING BUT FUNNY.

Myer—The average man takes life much too seriously.
Geyer—Oh, I don't know. It's no joke to be arrested for murder.—Chicago Daily News.

SOMEBODIES.

BARBREY, MISS MARY—a stenographer, is the first woman notary ever appointed in the State of Virginia.

CROWN PRINCE—of Germany is a clever automobilist and understands how to repair all accidents to the machine.

DREYFUS, EX-CAPT—has never recovered from the horrors of his life in prison and is said to be in danger of going blind.

HALE, DR. EDWARD E.—says the chief charm of his summer home at Mantunuck is that it is five miles from a door-bell.

LE QUEN'S, WILLIAM—the novelist, has been appointed British Consul to the miniature republic of San Marino, in order, it is said, to enable him to complete his history of Nating republic.

TEGUMMOH, MARQUIS—the great Japanese statesman who wrote Japan's Declaration of Independence (for which he was locked for three years in a small cage) has just died at Yokohama.

MATER DOLOROSA.

Through changing years she changes face
Upon my chamber wall,
Upon the pure and pensive brows
The old-time sunbeams fall.

In happy years I used to wake
And wonder at the face,
Whose mild compassion seemed to fold
The sorrows of the race.

I knew not then what fingers had
Those tender eyes unclosed,
What depth of human grief could be
By grief alone revealed.

How long were yearning eyes upraised
To brazen heavens in vain,
Before their love and anguish merged
Within our common pain?

Calm face forever on the wall,
Deep wound that ever smart!
Ah, Mary, at what cost you learned
The thoughts of many hearts.

—Florence Mellich in The Transcript.

A CITY OF STRANGERS.

The Editor of The Evening World:
New York is a city of strangers. What person over thirty years old reading this letter can say: "I was born in New York City. So were my parents. At least one-third of my friends were?"

Not one New Yorker out of ten can

THE ESCAPED PANTHER.

The Editor of The Evening World:
The escaped panther in Bronx Park is a being to be heartily pitied. I went to Bronx Park last week and was nearly eaten up by mosquitoes. If the panther fared as I did he is liable to be torn limb from limb and devoured by mosquitoes by the time he has wandered in those woods a day or two. The Bronx mosquitoes is the one drawback to the beauty and charm of the Bronx woods. No. 1

forgot. There is one other. The papers and empty bottles scattered broadcast by picnic parties. Those evildoers may so far forget the panther that he will run screaming back to his paperless, unbottled cage.

—A. S. HOWE.

—H. G.

—H. G.



Says the Chief to Platt and Chauncey: "I can give you points, I fancy. There's a lot of good old votes on tap in Pennsylvania State. And you'll lose 'em, every one, if this strike ain't quickly done; So get to work and patch things up before you are too late."

PREPARED.



Tall One—I see Richel has a footman on his automobile. Short One—That innocent-looking footman is a Coroner in disguise.

HARD LUCK.



Passerby—Well, well! Have you been getting a licking, my little man? Little Man—You called de turn, stranger! Fout de Jones kid he licked me, den ma licked me feg lightin', den wen pa come home he licked me fer losin' to de Jones kid!

IGNORANT FISH!



The Professor—My boy, don't you know fish won't bite when the wind is from the northwest? The Boy—Yesser. I know it all right; but maybe some of the fish don't know it.

NOT THAT SORT.



She—Pity she can't manage her husband; she controls her automobile superbly. He—Automobiles don't run to cock-tails and poker.

EVEN HERE.



Bee—Here, you, Bugg. I bought this for honey and it's half glucose!

A GENTLE HINT.



Miss Askit—This story says, "The hero took his departure." Why did he do that? Staylate (sneaking action to words)—I suppose he couldn't leave it behind him.

ODDITY CORNER.

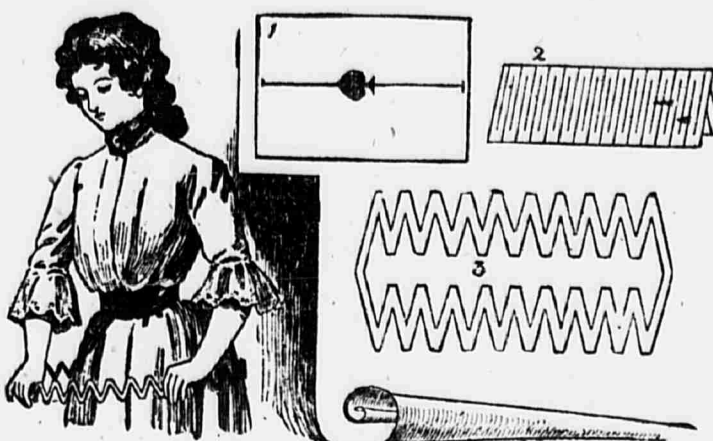
COCOANUTS.

Cocanut trees grow in large plantations close to the shore all over the Philippine Islands. Within the last twelve years the trade has increased tremendously. The product is periodically affected by heavy typhoons, but it requires only a few years to pick up again.

PINEAPPLES.

Pineapples grow so plentifully in Natal at certain seasons that it is not worth carting them to market, and they are often given to the pigs in consequence.

TO CRAWL THROUGH A CARD.



Cut a playing card lengthwise in the middle, as shown in figure 1 of the illustration. Bend it along the cut and make incisions on both sides, as in figure 2. After unfolding the card you will have obtained a long band, wide enough to allow a person to crawl through.

RAILROAD SIGN LANGUAGE.

It is not deaf mutts alone who employ the sign language. Railroaders have a tongue of this sort that, since railroad-bugling began, has been growing until now anything that needs to be said in it can be expressed as perfectly as in words. The signals of railroaders are made with the hands and arms in the daytime, and with a lantern in the dark, the lantern signals, by the way, being comprehensible at a far greater distance than the daytime ones. The latter are made with one arm or with both, at the brakeman's option. To go ahead, to stop and to back are the leading ones. The arms moved horizontally and vertically make the first two signals; the back turned and the arms pushed out makes the last one. The main lantern signals are an up and down, a crosswise and a circular movement. There are, of course, a hundred other signals, and these vary slightly in different parts of the country. But the main ones are as intelligible everywhere among railroaders as the English language itself.

MISTAKES OF ANIMALS.

It is just as easy to deceive an animal as it is to take in human beings. Thousands of birds leave a field or a garden alone merely because a scarecrow has been stuck up in the middle of it, says the Pittsburg Gazette. Fishes are constantly swallowing hooks that are hidden in make-believe flies. A dog that worried a postboard cat looked a truly pitiable object when he found out his error. Show a toy snake to a monkey, and it will probably scream from terror. There is no word strong enough to express the feelings of a dog that fondled an India rubber pup and then discovered its error. When the gramophone charges a getting boat painted white, its folly can only be accounted for on the supposition that it believes it to be a white whale. On the other hand, deer that come to the river bank to drink often do not live to be sorry that they mistook the crocodile floating on the surface for a log of wood.

MOUNT PELEE'S CHIMNEY'S.



The new crater on Mount Pelee is surrounded by hundreds of fumaroles or miniature volcanoes. When a lava stream flows from a volcano its surface rapidly hardens, the liquid lava flowing beneath a crust on which miniature cones are formed, steam rushing out through the orifice, as shown in the illustration.

THE STORY WITH A SEQUEL.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

ND now, Bot, announced the Rising Young Writer, tilting back in his chair and confidentially addressing the ink receptacle, "we come to the end of the story."

"But I'll tell you who poses for my villains—all of them," declared the R. Y. W., with vehemence. "Mister Dennis Q. Smith, commonly called Denny. Denny is a smiling, good-natured chap, too, and I could like him were he not fool enough to see the good qualities in the girl I like, and to carry his audacity to the point of liking her also."

Nothing being forthcoming from the insensate rival, the R. Y. W. kept it up, with much suggestion: "But let him smile and smile—he'll always be my villain. He's been the hard-hearted usurer that turned out the widows and orphans in the cold, cold snow; he's been the faithless lawyer that destroyed the will and left the rightful heir nothing but a mourning ring and starvation. He's committed every dastardly deed from treason and arson to bolting the straight Prohibition ticket; and in our present story, Bot, I've made him the horrible ogre, a fiendish ogre, and carried his degradation to such a degree as to make him opposed to the higher criticism, and in disgrace with the administration."

"But never mind, Bot, I'm sure she's mine—So what care I? Though Smith be nigh? I'll live for Nan—For Nan I'll die."

A knock came upon the door. The warbler arose and admitted, decidedly to his surprise and discomfort, the very lady, the subject of his impassioned ditty and object of his affections. Perhaps he wondered how thick the woodwork was. "Why, what on earth, Nan!" he began.

"I have something to tell you, Dick," replied the young lady, in a tone that might have been bitter. "You must have—But won't you take a chair?"

"No, I won't take but a minute," she went on. "Dick, I'm going to be married."

It hit him hard, and the only speech he could frame was the very unromantic yet natural question, "Who to?"

"You know—Denny."

"But isn't this rather sudden?"

"Maybe it is," said the girl, half defiantly, "but his uncle died and left him \$10,000, and he came and asked me, and I just couldn't stand that factory any longer, so yesterday I quit. And you know, Dick, I never said I didn't like him as well as I do you."

"Ten thousand dollars won't last forever," he said.

but that seemed kind of sneaky, and I've always been honest with you, haven't I, Dick?"

"Yes, Nan," he admitted, "you have."

"And you know that workroom was no place for me."

"It was not."

"And I had nothing else. And I would have waited for you, Dick, if you had ever seemed able to get along—even if only enough to barely take care of me. It's not the money, Dick, though \$10,000 is a great deal."

"I'm not blaming you," he replied quietly.

"But I blame myself for—for what has happened. For I know you liked me, Dick, and I liked you. I'm sorry. It's just circumstances, Dick."

"Just circumstances, Nan."

"And Denny, he likes me, too," she said softly. "Where is he?"

"He's waiting for me on the landing."

Dick went to the door and called to him: "Come in, Denny. I'm not going to have at thee, or anything of that sort. Come on in."

Denny came in and stood mainly on one foot, and gazed at the floor with as much apparent absorption as if he had never previously seen any contrivance of the kind. It was an embarrassing situation, and all three stood ill at ease, the girl particularly so.

A description of her probably would be in order, but it makes no difference whether she had blue eyes and brown hair, or brown eyes and blue hair. She was the one girl for each of these men, or at least each thought so, which is enough. As for her eyes, it would at that moment have been difficult to determine their color, even had she held them up, for by this time they were blurred and moist.

Finally Dick spoke: "Well, I suppose I ought to say something, Denny. I know you'll be good to her and all that, because I guess you love her just as well as anybody could. And I congratulate you on your inheritance, you know. Wouldn't object to having some kin of that kind myself, but I was always careless about selecting my relatives."

And then Denny muttered something about "thanks," and the girl glanced at Dick, and somehow or other the pair of them stumbled out.

The Rising Young Writer went back to his table, and for a long time he sat there quiet, while the shadow of his squinty ink bottle grew and grew and lay across the floor, a broad, black bar.

At last he gathered the scattered sheets of paper together and again took up his pen. "We must finish it up, Bot," he said, "for time, and the day of issue, wait for no man."

And so the Prince came to his own, the read aloud as he wrote it, "and married the Princess, and they lived happily together ever after."

"And that, Bot," he said, putting aside the pen, "I guess is the end of the story."

There came another knock upon the door, but this time it swung swiftly open. She (or he) entered, but stood looking at him in a way that he had never seen her look before. Then she smiled, ever so slightly.

"Maybe there's a sequel, Dick," she said.